

this fag
looks at the ring
on my middle finger,
he touches my finger
holds it as only
a fag can,
I wonder
what the fuck he is doing
 (obvious)
and I say nothing
for his intent
strikes just this side
of my vulnerability.
we're all latent
and how can I tell him
to cool it for
he always leaves just before
I kick him fatally

gagaku

these are my true
moments of escape
for they flap
in my vision
with black sheet-like cloaks
 they follow one another
 in their spiral through space
like demonic sheep
black sheep
oh they are the
evil of my soul
I choose to see
in illustrated vision
 rather than
 manifest